THE SEVEN STAGES.

Only a baby. Kissed and caressed. Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child, Toddling alone. Brightening now its happy home.

Trudging to school, Governed now by a sterner rule.

Living in dreams; Full of promise life now seems.

Battling with life. Shared in now by a loving wife.

Only a father, Burdened with care Silver threads in dark-brown hair. Only a graybeard,

Growing old and full of pain. Only a mound, O'ergrown with grass; Dreams unrealized—rest at last.
—Boston Traveler.

Toddling again,

IN AN INDIA TEA FIELD.

About the Fragrant Leaf.

China Has No Longer a Monopoly of Supplying the Cup That Cheers and Does Not Inebriate - Brand Straight and "Faced."

"It is surprising how little people

the material as hand." the Doaars and Dagelling provinces, she is steadily increasing her foreign which are in the northeast portion of commerce. The consumption of tea in India and about four hundred and fifty this country amounts to about one hunmiles from Calcutta. Being asked to dred and ten million pounds per annum, tell something of what he knew of tea and of this I suppose not more than five culture Mr. Virtue continued: "The bundred thousand pounds come from Ingeneral idea is that all teas come from dia. It is only recently, however, that China or Japan. This is an erroneous Indian teas have been introduced here." supposition. The tea planting industry in India is by no means a new one, and its steady success has commanded for it extended territory, and has been the means of giving employment to thousands of natives who would otherwise have been idle or next door to it. Tea gardens or plantations in India are known in the trade as 'comands,' with only one m. In China and Japan these 'comands' are from one and a half to two while in India they will include from a thousand to fifteen hundred acres, and this would be about the average, although there are some much larger.

acres in extent, rarely more than four, The Assam Tea Company, for instance, has a 'comand' of 17,000 acres. On it are employed seventy Europeans-chiefly English—as overseers and 25,000 natives who do the work. The company has its own stores, supplies all groceries, clothing, liquors, etc., to its employes, has a theater, and in fact the 'comand' is really a city within itself. The manufacturer of tea depends to a large extent upon the honesty of the men engaged in the business. There can be either a 'straight' or a 'faced' tea. By a 'straight' tea I mean a leaf straight from the bush: by a 'faced' tea I mean tea that has been cut and used and again bruised and 'faced' with iron filings, indigo, aloes and various other compounds. The former manufacture is Indian, the latter Chinese. The tree planters of India are generally honest, and pride themselves upon giving a straight article. Indian tea, especially Assams, are grown in a very forcing climate marked by great warmth and humidity. The soil is loamy and stony. The climate is detrimental to Europeans, being muggy and full of malaria, and few but natives can reside there for any length of time. Europeans are always employed as managers or overseers, who watch the natives at their work, being incapable themselves of doing any manual labor on account of the intense heat. The workers are natives of Hindostan and most of the pickers are women. As a rule, they are very tractable. The women work eleven or twelve hours a day, and the men, who are the

cultivators, eight hours only. The tea manufacturers, who are also men, work sixteen hours. Tea is grown from a seed which, of course, is obtained from the tree, and is either planted seed at stake (which means that a small stake is used to make a hole in the soil, the seed dropped in and covered), or from what is called a transplanting seedling. which is taken from a forcing bed and transplanted in the regular soil. This planting is done in the rainy season. which lasts from May to November. This seed wants a great deal of attention. The lines or rows must be regularly dug and weeded by hand at least once a month to prevent the growth of jungle which is very prolifie in such a climate. Each plant requires a space to itself about five feet square, and a seed at stake will show shove ground in from three to four months after planting. A transplanted seedling will appear in half the time. The plant grows just like a young fir tree. It requires much care and cleaning until the end of the second season when the bush will have attained a height of from three to three and a half feet. I have known a tree to grow as high as twelve feet. If it was left alone the tea plant would reach a height of fifteen or twenty feet and, as I said, would be like a fir tree in shape, but we prane it about twenty inches from the ground, so as to educate it to spread and thus yield a finer leaf, to give more surface and a more delicate product. If we allowed it to grow, it would sap itseif and its leaves would be worthless. The pruning is done in December and the plucking begun immediately the sap rises, which is about from the middle of March to the first week in April. The branch from the parent stem will bear say nine leaves, of which three are new branches will grow which will to strip a branch of all its leaves we should kill the tea bush, or, in other words, we should be 'killing the goose which lays the golden eggs,' if such a simile may be used. The

in which none but experienced hands of speculation, M. Palmieri responds the smallest number of enlisted men male palm inflorescence, and said it are employed. By being cooked is that in these electrical indications we that will permit the officers to keep in was hardly necessary to point out the meant being dried. The tea then goes should feel the most sure means of the to the sifting-house, where the various prediction of weather. In fact, accord- fantry with 37 officers and hardly 400 hand of the winged figure of the grades are made by sifters of the requisite mesh, that is twelve, ten and eight servatory, we must discard our old inches to the inch. The twelve men sifts the best tea, because that leaf is smaller and heavier. The smaller the leaf the better the tea. These three teas are straight, and are known as Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong and Souchong, representing respectively the first, second and third grades. Pekoe Souchong is the fine tip mixed with a lower grade, or a mixture of the first and second grades. Souchong is the third straight and believes the time of absolute pregrade. While the tea after these processess is ready for use, it is treated up again to extract any dampness which may have accrued, as the leaf is very difficult and susceptible. This done it is packed in chests for shipping. What is the best tea? Well, fifteen days after the first plucking the second flush is ready, and eight days later the third flush is plucked and this constitutes the

finest leaf and consequently the best tea. One grade excels the other in A Brooklynite Who Knows All flavor, but they all go through the same process which I have described. These Indian teas are pure and straight and have a delicious flavor, whereas most of those from China and Japan are faced or second brews, which means that the leaf has been once drawn and then fixed up again, being mixed with aloe leaves and a combination of iron filings know about tea. The consumption of and indigo. As to prices, the Indian this article in the United States Pekoe sells for sixty-nine cents a pound, amounts to thousands of chests annu- the Pekoe Souchong for fifty cents and ally, and yet not one person in a thou- the Souchong for forty-five cents. The sand knows any thing about the growth | best Chinese teas, if you can get them and subsequent preparation of the straight, can not be sold for less than fragrant leaf before it is put on the one dollar a pound; second grade sevenmarket, and I may add that very few ty-five cents and third sixty to sixty-five greatly increased of late years. In 465 Fifth avenue, said to a Brooklyn country sent to England only about fif-Eagle writer the other day. Mr. Virtue teen per cent. of the tea consumed is a Scotchman by birth and for eight- there, while 1887, when I left she sent een years was a superintendent of tea fifty-one per cent. Her principal marfields or comands, as they are called kets are England, Australia, America, in India. Most of this time he spent in Canada and the Cape of Good Hope, and

TERROR IS EPIDEMIC.

That Is the Reason Why Cowards Deserve Exemplary Punishment. "A plague on all cowards!" says

Shakespeare's Fat Knight, himself the eau ideal of a bullying poltroon. But is it just to couple infamy with cowardice? Would any man be chickenhearted if he could be otherwise? Does not every frightened fugitive from danger blush as he runs?

It can not be fairly imputed to the dastard as a crime that his nerves quiver like aspen leaves when he hears the immediate bullet whizzing by, or that the sight of sheathless steel makes the perspiration start from all his pores. He would face the whirlwind of battle if he could, but it whisks him round like a weathercock. His reason may tell him that his back is as broad a target as his breast, and that he is as likely to be shot retreating as advancing; indeed, more likely, for even a brave man can take a steadier aim at a flying adversary than at a furious foe rushing upon him at the "double-quick." But instinct is stronger than reason in the craven, and all his locomotive muscles

are at its command. Under these circumstances, ought a milliary man who shows the white feather in the presence of the enemy to be shot therefor? Being, as Falstaff says, "a coward upon instinct," is he morally responsible for running away? Perhaps not. Nor is it for the act itself that he is doomed, but because of its consequences. Terror is opidemic. It is more readily caught than the small-pox, and spreads more rapidly. A Captain is smitten with it and communicates it to his company, the regiment catches it from the company, the brigade from the regiment, the corps from the brigade, the whole army from the corps, and thus a great battle is lost, and perhaps a great cause endangered or ruined.

It will not do to adhere scrupulously to the abstract principles of justice in such cases. The offense must be measured by its results. The event and not the involuntary act which produced it, arraigns and condmns its author. The punishment which seems cruel is absolutely necessary, and therefore right. Not because he is a coward, is the cowthat disasters more terrible than the shooting of a thousand dastards may be honorable doom.-N. Y. Ledger.

WEATHER PREDICTION.

The Time Not Fur Distant When Reliable

Forecasts Can Be Made. M. Luigi Palmieri, the learned director of the observatory of Vesuvius, has made himself a specialist in questions appertaining to the electricity of the earth. For some forty years he has studied this question, and has published various papers and more than a hundred notes or memoirs. Unfortunately for science, he has thought well to publish them, not only in Italian, but in local papers having naturally a restricted circulation. Dr. Albert Battander gives, in Cosmos, a resume of the results obtained by M. Palmieri, which bid fair to prove of considerable importance, if not in the field of electrical engineering, in that of meteorology and the prediction of weather. M. Palmieri indicates, first, that the potential of objects which exceed the height of the surrounding earth differ from it in sign, in fair weather being negative, and positive only when rain, hail, or snow fall within a certain distance of the observations. Secondly, the electricity of objects exceeding in height the surface of the earth is not their own, so to speak, but is due to the induction of the atmosphere.

He indicates, for example, that if Vesuvius, were negative while Naples below were positive, and this were dus to different disposition of electricity plucked, and from the remaining sig their surfaces, the two would tend to flow together and equalize; whereas this bear leaves in their return. If we were is found not to be the case. The electricity is, therefore, due to induction, and is so maintained while the inductive influence is steady, changing as it changes. M. Palmieri has repeated his experiments some thousands of eral years Congress has been in the first leaves thus plucked are called times since 1850 in varied man-

'No. 1 flush.' They do not make the finest tea, but rank about as low as a ners he satisfactorily that the the habit, although the military authorileaf can be valued for commerce. These electricity of the air is con. leaves are taken on trays into the 'withsign to that of the earth. The elec- | see. nen who pluck tricity of the earth is positive and that ble number to them, and who are supervised by 'duffaof the air negative. He gives two ex- performing civilian duties too. dars,' or native men, whose business it is to see that the women do not spoil the periments showing the influence of the General of the army reports the actual bushes. The tea is allowed to rest on these trays until it is withered to the pliancy of a kid glove, a process which takes from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the temperature. Then it is carried away by men and put on the rolling-table, where it is manipulated for fifteen or twenty minutes, according to the condition of the leaf. The crushing process brings about the fermentation necessary to develop the quality of the leaf. It is then taken to the fermenting room, where it ferments until ness of the potential, and the most care- town-site speculator is at rest. We inflorescence of the male date-palm over it is in condition to go to the drying

ing to the director of the Vesuvian Obweather changes, which cannot achieve prediction, and take the electrometer, which never is found in default. He argues for the extension of electrometer observations at numerous stations, with instruments standardized to the same measure, adapted with methods of testing the varying layers of atmosphere, diction of weather to be no longer an unrealizable, Utopian dream. - Electrical Engineer.

CHANCES IN BATTLE. The Amount of Powder and Ball It Takes No doubt every reader has seen the statement that it takes a man's weight of lead to kill him in battle, and they may have considered it to be merely a rhetorical hyperbole, suggested by the fact that comparatively few out of the whole number of shots fired in heat of battle take effect. Marshal Sale, we believe, first made the assertion which forms the base of the above, when he said it would take 125 pounds of lead | Tribune. and 33 pounds of powder to put each of the enemy in the long trench. Wild and visionary as this may seem, it appears that there was more truth than poetry in the remark. With all the improvements which have been made in the art of war since the days of Saxe Cassendi, the French savant, proves that the great Marshal's philosophical remark still holds good.

At the battle of Solferino, according know how to make tea when they have cents. The demand for Indian teas has to Cassendi's carefully-deduced calculations, a comparison of the number of This was what Mr. James Virtue, of 1870, when I first went to India, that shots fired on the Austrian side with the number of killed and wounded on the part of the enemy, shows that 700 bullets were expended for each man wounded, and 4,200 for each man killed. The average weight of the ball used taken at least 126 kilograms, or 227 pounds of lead for each man killed! Yet Solferino was a most important and bloody battle. In the Franco-Prussian war the slaughter caused by the needle gun among the French soldiers shows how much superior that gun is to the Austrian carbine; yet, with that deadly weapon 1,300 shots were fired for every soldier destroyed in the enemy's ranks. Verily there was good foundation for Bogert's ungrammatical remark: "War is awful, but the noise of war is awfuller."-St. Louis Republic.

> A Queen's Voluntary Slavery. Hester Cora Mitchell, as she was known here after becoming the slave of ex-Governor Mitchell, is buried in the cemetery in this city. She was a Queen of some African tribe, and came to this country voluntarily, bringing with her and robes and jewels, etc. She was Christmas, until her death, she would appear before the negroes in all the gorgeousness of her queenly paraphernalia. After this exhibition, she would of the other servants of Governor Mitchell. When Hester Corn died Governor Mitchell had her buried in her regalia. -Milledgeville (Ga.) Chronielo,

GOVERNMENT CLERKS. Men and Women Work Together in Per-

fect Harmony. But do both sexes work together in

the same office? Of course they do. American girls can take care of themselves any place, and these maidens are by no means spring chickens. Not many of them are on the marry, though every now and then we hear of one dropping off the pay-rolls with a good husband. The late Attorney-General Brewster got a wife in this Treasury Department. She was the daughter of an ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and she was one of the prettiest women that Washington has ever known. Brewster saw her as he went through the department one day on some legal business long before he was Attorney-General, and he said to a friend:

"What a pretty woman?" She overheard and replied in a stage

whisper. "What an ugly man!" and Brewster you know was ugly enough to stop a clock. His face had been burnt all out ardly soldier done to death, but in order falling into the fre or by his attempting to save his little sister from burning. Both stories are told, and I don't prevented by his public shame and dis- know which is correct. At any rate he overheard the remark of the pretty treasury clerk. He met her the same night at a reception and she found Mr. ugly. After a few months he proposed first-class husband. Stephen A. Douglas | to-day we can not listen to married a department clerk and many of the ladies of the departments go into the best of Washington society. It is an unwritten law in some of the departments that a husband and his wife shall not be on the pay-rolls at the same time, and when two department clerks marry one is expected to leave. Postmaster-General Vilas, however, objected to this theory, and a number of the Cabinet officers now allow their clerks to marry, if they choose. One of the prettiest girls in the Pension Office was married the other day to a very accomplished young elerk, who worked beside her. Their field of work, however, was changed in order that no remark might be caused by the marriage, and they now have good positions in New York. Not a few clerks are married secretly and their names appear on the pay-roll of the department as single after they have been married. It is a great deal easier to live in Washington on \$2,000 a year than \$1,000 a year, and Cupid gets along much better when both husband and wife *can keep their salaries .- Washington Cor. Phila-

UNGLE SAM'S ARMY.

There Are Not Ten Real Soldiers for Every Commissioned Officer. The army of the United States consists of 2,167 commissioned officers and a sufficient number of enlisted men to keep them in practice. This number is fixed by a general law at 30,000; for sevhabit of appropriating for only 25,000 '- eliminate errors, and and it does not seem likely to get out of ties are generally asking for at least the enlisted men who are

natural changes in the atmosphere. A strength of the army as 20,145. platinum cup, filled with water and So there are cnot ten real private thoroughly insulated, is connected to soldiers for every officer; this have regarded it as a bunch of whole exposed to the sun's rays. The part of paragraph writers who do lor angreests that it should be connected evaporation reveals the presence of not understand what our army is for. negative electricity. Inversely, if the We have never been in danger of any for which the date-palm has been famsame cup is filled with snow, the dew sudden foray from Canada or Mexico, our ous among naturalists since antiquity which is formed produces signs of posi- army would do us precious little good if -namely, its need of artificial fertilizative electricity, the conditions of suc- our harbors were invaded by a hostile tion in order to produce a crop of edible cess in the experiment being the use of fleet, and for several years past the In- dates. This process in its simplest form the condenser, on account of the feeble- dian has ceased from troubling and the consists in shaking the pollen from the is in condition to go to the drying question of platinum cup. The have no fighting for our army to do. the inflorescence of the male date-parm over the infl

these discussions are purely in the field | tary organization of 2,000 officers and | Dr. Taylor exhibited a drawing of the military practice. A regiment of inbut the 37 officers form a regimental orfriend the barometer as the indicator of ganization around which 1.000 enlisted men could be arranged as easily as 400. more than eighty per cent. of success in | -Fred Perry Powers, in Chautauquan.

> A Lusignan descendant of the Kings of Jerusalem died miserably lately in a hospital in Milan. A Marquis descendant from the Dodges is selling matches in the streets of Venice; in the same city a porter at one of the most splendid palaces keeps the door of the house where he ought to be master. At Naples the Duc de Lerma, grandee of Spain, is a lawyer's clerk. At Palermo the Duc de Santa Croce goes about the streets picking up cigar ends and any thing else to be found. The Princess Pignatelli is a singer in a cafe chantant in Berlin. At Buenos Ayres there is a lovely flower girl about twenty, who, when asked where she came from, replied that she was a Lombard, but that her parents were Romans of the name of Pecci. The girl, whose name was Leonildha Pecci when asked if she was a relative of His Holiness, said she did not know, but in her family it was believed they were nearly akin.-N. Y.

An Adequate Apology. Philosopher - Good-afternoon, Mrs. De Science. Allow me to compliment you on your remarkable article in the

cientific Age. Mrs. De Fashion-You have made a mistake, sir. I am not a book-worm nor do I have to write for a living. I am Mrs. De Fashion, a rather well-known society leader-not Mrs. De Science. Philosopher-Oh! I beg her pardon.-N. Y. Weekly.

-At a recent French cooks' ball in New York the work of art was the representation of a temple of commerce. It was made of 13,000 pieces of gum paste and sugar, and stood several feet high. The architectural beauties were well was 30 grains, therefore it must have shown, and the coloring was especially clever.

SONGS OF LONG AGO.

No Music Half so Sweet as the Memor of Mother's Tender Lines.

"The mothers of to-day do not sing as the mother did in lang syne," said a Will you please date my sentence from overcome and crowded out the soul of | winded lawyer of mine started to talk?" poetry and the memory of a happy boy- -Munsey's Weekly. hood. "You seldom hear a woman singing about the house now."

So it is. The modern mother does not sing as our dear old-fashioned mothers I don't believe he's got a cent to his used to sing. She has little time to herself, and if she did not have the advantages of a musical education she says she can not sing.

Then, too, the some; of to-day are not like and never will be like those old songs. They do not touch the heart all the insignia of her royalty-crown, and give the heart's feeling utterance through the lips. There are beautiful pleased with this country, and resolved songs set to music, of course, and woncome a slave, as above stated. Every in the drawing-room, but how seldom it any progress for months; you are just tion exceeded five hundred. is that we hear a song that thrills and charms us and brings the "pearls of feeling" to our eyes. A voice pleases us and we bear home the satisfaction of retire, lay aside her queenly attire, and having heard an artist of artists, but we go into the kitchen as humbly as any | will forget the singer and the song long before we forget one word or one note of the one who sang "Bonnie Doon" and "Annie Laurie."

There are those of us who will never forget the summer evenings, the ripple of the brook in the distance, the stir of the woodbine leaves around the window, the sweet fragrance of the "birk" from the neighboring wood, when the mother sang "Afton Water" and rocked her baby to sleep. And then there were other songs that

stirred our childish hearts, "The Soldier's Dream:" Our bugles sung truce, for the night cloud

And the sentinel stars set their watch it the sky; When thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered, The weary to sleep and the wounded to

Reposing that night on my pallet of straw, By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain. In the dead of the night a sweet vision l

And thrice ere the morning I dreamed i again

Our childish imagination could picture the soldier, always handsome, in his uniform, lying down on the field of battle to sleep under the stars, the pine knots' blaze scaring away the prowling wolves, and he dreaming of hearing his "own mountain goatsebleating aloof," of shape when he was a baby, by his and of hearing "the sweet song that the corn reapers sung.".

There was a nother song, old, very old; "On the Lake Where Drooped the Willow," the story of a girl who died in autumn; and, "I'll Hang My Harp on the Willow Tree," which later-day Bacon-Shakesperians tell us was dedi-Brewster as entertaining as he was cated to Her Majesty, Victoria. There was "Jeannette and Jeanot," "Old Kento her and she accepted him and got a tucky Home," and "Sawnee River," and

> O, take me to my kind old mother; whether sung in soft, weird tones of a jubilee singer, the pathetic ones of .little Kavanagh or of the every-day street Arab, without a rush of tender feeling. There was another song, a regular bed-time song in its wooing sweetness It was "The Cuckoo:"

In summer I sing in the meadows. How we like to hear about the little bird that hid itself away in the brush in the winter, and in the springtime its plaintive "cuckoo," "cuckoo," was the sure harbinger of soft south winds and warm showers. And last and best of all was that song

of "Clari, the Maid of Milan:" 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we ma Be it ever so humble, there's no place like

No, there is no place like home, and there are songs like those of the old time, and there is no music half so sweet as the memory of those tender notes .-Buffalo (N. Y.) News.

ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE.

Group Illustrating the Fertilization of the Date-Palm.

In one of the lectures he is delivering at Aberdoen, under the Gifford bequest, Dr. E. B. Tylor offered a most interesting suggestion the other day as to the meaning of a well-known but puzzling Assyrian sculptured group. This group consists of two four-winged figures, with bodies of men and heads of eagles, standing opposite a tree-like formation, which is easily recognized as a collection of date-palms, or a conventionalized representation of a palm-grove. Each of the two figures carries in the left hand a bucket or basket, in the right a body which each seems to be to the palm-tree What

is this body? It ... to usually doscribed as a fir-cone, but some lor suggests that it should be connected with the most obvious point of interest

resemblance to the object in the enlisted men seems pretty top-heavy, Assyrian sculpture. As the cultivator of the palm tree has to ascend the tree in order to perform the process of fertilization, he, of course, takes with him a supply of fresh flowers in a basket Dr. Tylor's theory, therefore, is that the objects carried by the winged genii o the Assyrians are the male inflorescence of the date-palm in one hand, the basket with a fresh supply of inflorescence in the other, and that the function the genii are depicted in the sculptures as discharging is that of fertilizing the palm-groves of the country-a function which must have been held to denote their great beneficence, since it showed them fulfilling the great duty of providing the Assyrians with bread.-Nature.

FULL OF FUN.

-Judge-"Prisoner do you confess your guilt?" "No. your honor, the speech of my lawyer has convinced even me of my entire innocence."-Fliegende Blaetter.

-"Spring, gentle spring," the blue bird sang. With welcome laden breath. "Behold the buds and violets"-And then it froze to death.

-Philadelphia Times. -Wickars-"An artist friend of mine once painted a banana peel on the sidewalk so naturally that the first man who came along slipped and fell down on it." Vickars-"It couldn't have been very natural, if the first man that came along tumbled to it."-Terre Haute Ex-

-A young man was calling on a Congressman's daughter the other evening when the father appeared at the parlor door. "May I come in?" he asked, hesitatingly. "Oh, yes," she answered, "you may, but we have a quorum without you."-Washington Star. -"Where is the drawing-room?"

asked Mrs. Strukoyle, as she looked over the architect's plans. "I thought perhaps the front and back-parlors would obviate——" "No, indeed; we must have a drawing-room, for my daughter is determined to be an artist. -Harper's Bazar.

you any thing to say before sentence is white ceiling of the sitting-room and passed?" Prisoner-"Yes, your honor. | colors the faces of those who watch the man whose business-cares have never the time that that lunk-headed, long- lage was quiet, as it always was at this

company with that Mr. Mann. Actually plenty of money. - Boston Transcript.

-School Committee (Judge of a local court addicted to fault-finding) examining class in geography-"This class and fifty people in the village but every ought to be ashamed; you have not made | body who lived there knew the populawhere you were last year. Ernest, On this cold afternoon five of the inare the Rocky mountains?" Ernest (remembering the same question | Four of them were men who wore soft put the year before)-"Just where they hats and collarless shirts. Their coarse were last year; haven't moved a bit."-Chicago Herald.

-It was on the rear platform of a on the plains no doubt. The fifth perstreet car as a crowd was going home from the theater. "Let's see," mused | as the lava blocks and eyes so big and a man who was jammed on the railing to the one on his left, "have we been introduced?" "I think not My name dressed, for whenever the wind brushed is Taylor." "Ah! And mine is Porter. her she shivered, hardy as she was. A Mr. Taylor, you are throwing time away | coral necklace clung so tightly to her trying to get my watch. It is an old one and out of repair, and won't bring on two dollars."-Detroit Free Press. -Miss Redingote-"No, Aunt Brin- portions about her well-rounded body. dle, I am not engaged. When I marry it will be a great man." Mrs. Brindle

(doubtfully) - "Well, I dunno, You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Josiah ---." Miss Redingote-"You don't mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished himself!" Mrs. Brindle - "Well, I'll or more, with delirious tales of gun ell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day | ity, when the mite of a child stole timand he matched it!"-Lippincott.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

Some of the Most Remarkable of Their It was a California woman who in vented a baby carriage, which netted her over \$50,000; while to Mrs. Catharine Greene, the wife and widow of Washington's ablest officer, is due the honor of inventing the cotton-gin, which is one of those distinctively American inventions the value and importance of which have been recognized by the whole industrial world. There is the reaper and mower, the idea of which came into the brain of Mrs. Ann Manning, of Plainfield. N. J., to whom is also accredited a clover-cleaner. Mrs. Manning seems to have stimulated the inventive genias of her neighbors, for a few years after her reaper and mower was patented Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of the same State, took out a patent for an improvement on this machine, being a device for chang-

ing the knives without stopping the wheels. One of the most complicated machines ever made is that for the manufacture of re-enforced-bottom paper bags. It is so curiously ingenious that how it was contrived passes the ordinary comprehension. It was the invention of Miss Maggie Knight, who from it and other inventions in the same line realized a great fortune. A street-sweeper of great merit was devised and patented by a New York lady, who had a costly dress ruined by the mud splashed on it

from a defective machine. Most remarkable of all is the invention of Mrs. Mary B. Walton for deadening the sound of car-wheels. She lived near the elevated railroad in New York, and was greatly annoyed by the sound of the roaring trains passing her house. The most noted machinists and inventors of the country had given their attention to the subject without being able to furnish a solution, when lo, a woman's brain did the work, and her appliance proving perfectly successful, was adopted by the elevated roads, and she is now reaping the rewards of a happy thought.-St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Logging Without Snow. the lumber regions of Northern l'ennsylvania a curious expedient has been resorted to for the purpose of getting the logs out of the woods. Hundreds of barrels of crude oil have been sent to the camps, and this fluid poured over the "slides." This was intended to take the place of snow. Logs can only be gotten to market over slippery parts. Some of the slides are twelve miles long, starting away back on the summit of a mountain and rounding through the passes, in some instances shooting up one hill and down another, in a series of inclines. The momentum logs gather with distance sends them along at furious rate of speed, and the crude oil has been found not to

Morning Journal. A couple of St. Louis (Mich.) men have invented a concern to use up sawdust as fast as a mill can turn it out. | manship, leveled the muzzles of his The invention takes the dust from the saw and shoots it straight into the furnace, where it takes the place of one- opened in maddlin fashion. On a sad

wear off for acarly a week .- N. Y.

SPELLIN' SCHOOL

"Time we went to spellin' school. Me an' Mandy, lawzy me, I war jes a nat'ral fool When I look I see it vit Stannin' up thar in the rows

Till the words begun to hit-Moribund' an 'adipose,' " Drappin', drappin', one by one, Till the last two stood thar still, Lordy! wuzn't that the fun, Mandy thar and Johnson's 'Billt'

Spellin' book had plum giv' out Dickshonary fetched along, 'Consecration' an' 'redoubt.' Still they spelt an' nothin' wrong " 'Vertebra,' 'vicissitude;' Gosh, all hemlock, I got scared! Both my lips together glued.

Teacher he wuz gettin' weak Settin' thar, an' Mandy's pap-Too excited fur to speak; You could heard a needle drap. " Last they got the Bible down, Durn my buttons but they did; Teacher got to slashin' roun'-

Mandy, tho', she never cared;

Moabite' an' 'pyramid;' Mandy took 'em as they passed Kind o' keerful, kam an' slow; She wuz grit, an' so at last "Then the folks they riz, an,' well, Sich a holler never wuz; Sich a neverlastin' yell-

> They got skeered at all the noise An' skedaddled down the track; Tom an' me we got the boys Posted out an' fetched 'em back. "Then I helped her in, an' we-

Hosses broke an' run becuz

Me an' Mandy, driv away; I war jes a fool, but she Bright an' smart as peep-o-day; Here's her picter-sweet sixteen-Hansum! well I sorter 'low; Peartest gal I ever seen-Married to the teacher now. -Ernest McCaffey, in Inter Ocean

HOW LITTLE KIT DIED.

Off Idaho.

Small and Trembling Hands That Held a Mark for a Shooter-Tragic Result of a Drunken Man's Boast - Two Graves at Soda Springs.

A Tragic Scene in a Town in Far-

It was a cold autumn evening, but the red sun going down behind the spectral mountains on the desert of Idaho seemed to brighten up every -Judge-"Prisoner at the bar, have thing-just as a blazing log paints the incandescent embers glow. The viltime of day. It wasn't much of a village-a house here and a store there, -Mrs. Stukupp-"I don't see why and all blackened by storms and age. they permit Miss Singleton to keep People were scarce, too. Those who were on the one broad street were the kind that grow among sage brush and name." Mrs. Midway-"O, but it isn't | grease wood-tall, heavily-jawed men, quite so bad as that, although, to be with an awkward swing to their gait sure, he is a little impecunious." Mrs. and their faded clothing and high-Stukupp-"O, is that all? Well, that | heeled boots bespattered with mud. A doesn't so much matter so long as he has | lean, skulking dog prowled along the road, and three heavily saddled and branded ponies were tethered near the Ark saloon. There were two hundred

> habitants sat in front of the Ark saloon hands and rugged faces showed that they toiled out of doors-herding cattle son was a little girl with hair as black so round that they looked like wells of ink. She wasn't even seasonably neck that it looked like a scar. Her thin, blue dress, clumsily cut from a large garment, hung in scandalous pro-The men had been drinking heavily. The little girl had come to lead her father away. But the big, rough man was angry. A man from the Snake river country had questioned his ability as a marksman with a six-shooter. The dispute had been going on for an hour feats and terrific expressions of profauidly up to the big man. For a moment the child was not noticed. The wind picked up the ragged hem of her dress and whipped it about her legs, and the big sun, glowing with the richness of a solferino disk, made the tears in the child's great eyes shine as one has seen rippling water glitter in a stream of unshine. The glass in the shop winums stretched over cathedral spires.

dows was red, too, and the snow on the three mountain peaks in the distance looked like a carpet of crimson geran-"Here's Kit, boys," the father finally xclaimed, as he looked admiringly at

the tot who had some way managed to nestle beside his leg. "I'll leave it to Kit, fellows, as to who s the handiest man with the gun. Who's the best man as what you ever seen, Kit?"

"Ma wants you to come home and eat upper," came the stammering, almost plaintive reply. 'So she does, Kit; but who's the best ooter as you know of?"

Pap. "Who shoots hers right and left and ever spiles the meat?"

"Pap." "Whose Kit be you?" "Pap's; but mam wants you home for

The four rough men looked at the shild with a stupid gaze. "Why, I'll tell you, fellers, as speaking about shooting, me and Kit will show you something, won't we, Kit?" and the big man drew two enormous revolvers from his holsters and placed

"Won't we, Kit?" repeated the big nan, noticing that the child was silent. The black head nodded a reluctant affirmative. "Course we will. Kit knows pap, and seeing as somebody does not knows us subject by observing: "I suppose that we will make us known." Then the the battles of the Franco-German war man drew a leathern bag from his

gold pieces. "Now, Kit," he said, with as much pride as his thick voice could portray, stiddy like, and then we'll show 'em how pap kills hens."

The child faltered, but parental disthe street. The father seized his heavy | was ended there was not a tree standing guns and staggered proudly to the road-

"Stand straight like, Kit," commanded the father. The little girl's tattered shoes came

lirectly toward the father. way-see?" and the man, placing his ing; say forty thousand on both sides pistols upon the ground, held up his hors de combat. That would be sufficient, thumbs and index fingers so that those I should say, for a great battle," and he of each hand came together. The little coins flashed above the engled mass of hair.

"Be you ready, Kit?" There was not a tremor in the little may. The dranken man, proud of his marks-

weapons at the child. The eyes of the shooter closed and -Meddybemps, Me., boasts of a sixfurnace, where it takes the place of one-third of the wood or coal usually burned. den two streams of fire poured from the dred words on examination day without k barrels of the pistols. The smoke missing one. Evidently the spelling

arose in the red light. The child lay upon the ground with her legs stiffening in the lava dust. A white hand clutched one of the gold coins. The metal once clasped by the other hand had been blown down street by a bullet. One bullet had torn its way somewhere beneath that crown of tangled hair.

of the drunken men exclaimed, as he river of death will suffice for the presgave his trousers a hitch and reeled out ent. The gentleman referred to was at to the spot where the child lay.

The father's heavy revolvers fell upon the ground. His ashy face moved | chief characteristic, the one that imtoward the head of his child. As he pressed itself most forcibly upon those grasped the rigid shoulders a tiny stream of blood trickled over his gnarled disregard for law or precedent and his fingers. Then he arose. Men and firm adherence to right and justice women with terror-stricken faces were from his own views. He believed murclustered about him and dogs skulked | der and theft were a crime and should around the crowd. The sun was now so be punished. He believed that drunklow that the peaks of the distant mount- enness and disorderly conduct were a ains glowed with a delicate pink, and crime worthy of equal punishment. His the sky, beginning with a deep maroon at the horizon, ran in beautiful shadings to a soft, rich purple at the zenith. For a moment the father was silent. He seemed to be looking for a familiar face in the crowd. He was sober now. His face was almost hideous in its determination.

"That's the worst shot what was ever made," he finally stammered as he wiped the sweat off his face. "Boys, I can beat that. Hands off, till I show you." And before one of the villagers could reach him the frantic man picked up one of his weapons, and, turning it full upon himself, fired.

They didn't take the bodies home that night. They were placed side by side in a feed store and guarded by three hardy villagers. There are two graves in the sage-brush near Soda Springs. The boasting marksman and his guns rest in one. The yellow grass on the other grave covers little Kit, who was buried in her tattered dress and worn-out shoes. The mother married the man from the Snake

River country.—Chicago Herald.

STEAM QUIETED THEM. A Terrible Brute Battle on Board of

Ohio River Steamboat. An old sailor, who gave the following description of a terrible brute battle which he witnessed fifteen years ago, said that it made him tremble as no storm at sea had ever done. The scene of the fight was the main deck of a steamboat on the Ohio river during the transportation of "John Robinson's Great World's Exposition" of animals. The combatants were the huge war elephant, "Emperor," and a monster twohorned rhinoceros, and their encounter made strong men pale.

Dead, wounded and dying horses and ponies strewed the deck in every direction; cages destroyed and literally smashed into fragments were scattered among the dead, wounded and dying, and the terrible shrieks, grunts and groans plainly told that the battle was fiercely ranging. It seemed as if every cage on the boat would be totally destroyed. At this juncture a loud crash was heard, and the two cages containing the sea-lions and the Labrador seals were pushed overboard. Mr. Robinson seem ed to be very cool for a man who was witnessing the wholesale destruction of his property, but when he saw his sea lions and seals dashed overboard, he

virtue, and ordered the combatants fired A heavy volley was discharged, which had no other effect on the monsters, now thoroughly aroused, than to make them fight all the more furiously. The situation was getting every moment more dangerous for all on board, and the proprietors had almost despaired of ever separating the animals, when it occurred some one to open the steam pipes and deluge them with steam.

The engineer was instructed to turn on the steam, and as it suddenly escaped from the boilers with a terrific roar, the elephant was heard to give a shrill, rumpeting screech, such as elephants always utter in crying for mercy when conquered in their native wilds. Whether the animal had received its deathblow from the rhinoceros, or was frightened into submission by the steam, could not be ascertained until it had cleared away. Then there was disclosed to the astonished gaze of the showmen a urious and gratifying sight.

There lay the huge elephant on the deck, cowering and trembling, uttering moans of pain and fright, while a little beyond was the quaking rhinoceros snugly ensconced in his cage, whither he had retreated, utterly cowed, the in-

stant the steam was opened on him. The attendants sprang quickly forward, and closed and bolted the door of his cage, thus securing themselves from further molestation from him. The horses, ponies and smaller animals that had been killed in the battle were cast overboard, the deck was washed and ulet once more restored, after one of the hardest battles ever witnessed .-

Youth's Companion. .

Once I heard an American in a smol

AMERICAN CONCEIT. Murat Halstead Illustrates it by Repeating a Good Story.

ing-room in an English hotel engaged in conversation with a British officer on the subject of the war in this country. The American was a Kentuckian, who, desiring to impress his interlocutor with the amenities of our civilization and the refinements of home influences, had just told an anecdote of a neighbor and companion who galloped into the county town while court was in session, hi belt stuck full of revolvers and a doublebarreled shot-gun across the pommel o his saddle, and spurred his horse up and down the street, defying every thing and ready to murder any and every body in a moment, and sure to get the drop on one who criticized his performance them upon a box. The child shrank in- The response of the officer to the touchstinctively at the sight of the weapons. | ing narrative was that the story was "something extraordinary." He listened intently, and ventured, when the hero of the tale rode off in triumph. brandishing his shot-gun and daring the world in arms to fight, to change the were far more bloody than any of those pocket and took from it two five-dollar in the war in your country?"

The expression of the young Kentuckian was that of indignant amazement. "No, sir," said he in thrilling 'you take these shiners and walk out | tones, "the battles that were fought in into the wagon-track and hold 'em up my country were the bloodiest that were ever fought anywhere on earth. Now, take the battle of Shiloh; it raged without a moment's intermission for sipline had been stern in her home, and seven days and nights. When it began with nervous fingers she seized the it was in the midst of a dense wildercoins and walked bareheaded out into ness on the Tennessee, and when it within nine miles of the river, and twenty thousand men were killed on each side and were dead in the fallen timber.

The British officer remarked: "It is together and her white face was turned astonishing. I think you possibly mean that there were twenty thousand "Hoist up the shiners, little un', this on each side killed, wounded and misscalled for another brandy and soda. "No, sir," said the citizen from old

Kentucky; "there were twenty thousand dead on each side, and they were buried where they fell. There was nothing like that in the French and Dutch fighting," and, of course, there was not .-Murat Halstead, in North American Re-

AN ECCENTRIC MAYOR. Ris Unique Way of Dealing Out Justice

There are a dozen eccentric characters about the old capital worthy of mention, says a Milledgeville correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, but a short al-"Guess you hurt the child, Ike," one | lusion to one who has passed across the one time mayor of Milledgeville, and a more upright man never lived. His with whom he dealt, was his most total motto, incorporated in his address to the council, was that "ninety-nine innocent men should be punished before one guilty one should escape," and the rigidity of his reign impressed those brought before him with the fact that he was honest in his convictions. In dress and style he resembled the picture of "Uncle Sam" as it appears in Puck and Judge, and the sarcasm with which his fines were imposed scorched worse than the summer's sun during sixty days on the chain gang. The outside limit was given to almost every case, and in making his fine he usually said to the cul-

"Well, I see you have taken the law in your own hands, but there are some few amendments that you have overlooked that I want to read. Please let me have your attention for just a minute. But, before going further, let me tell you not to think that the moderation of this punishment is due to your chicanery; it is because of my benevo-

lent heart." This speech was followed by a fine that usually paralyzed the mercy-expecting prisoner. When there was a slight variation in the testimony; or when there was any question as to the guilt of a party, witnesses and all were fined, on the ground that the "guilty should not go unpunished." In a case of fighting, all parties were punished and the belligerents with equal severity, no matter who was at fault, "for it took

two to make a quarrel." In those days-twenty years ago-Milledgeville was regarded as one of the most disorderly towns in the country. Drunkenness and fighting were common occurrences, and the laxity in enforcing the laws gave a stimulus to the state of affairs that was not retarded until such a reign was given the city. It is hardly necessary to state that the severe ruling of Milledgeville's eccentric chief executive for four years had the desired effect, and when he went "to join the caravan which moves to the mysterious realm," he left a city of law and order for his monument.

A SENSIBLE GIRL. Sorry to Accept Flowers from Her Lover

Because They Cost So Much. "Oh! I wish he wouldn't!" said a dear girl to a New York Evening Sun reporter, as she opened the box and for one long moment of pure delight drank decided that patience was no longer a | in the exquisite beauty and perfume of the great cluster of velvety "They're lovely, and so is he, but I do wish he wouldn't!" she repeated as she lifted out the great bunch and thrust them with the most elaborate and artistic carelessness into a great out-

glass rose bowl. "Why shouldn't he if he wants to?" asked her listener. She flushed a little, but answered bravely: "Because he can't afford it. You see," she went on heavily, "I know the dear fellow cares for me-know it just as well as if he had told me so, and Iwell, I wouldn't feel distressed over this if - You see, young men are so foolish about these things. A flower seems to them the very apotheosis of a gift to a girl, and so it would be if we lived in Arcady and roses were to be had for the plucking. But we don't; we live in New York, where every bud costs a big, round dollar, and the poetry of flowergiving resolves itself into the decided prose of earning the dollar to pay for them. I don't know Tom's salary, of course, but I know it isn't \$10,000 a year, and here's \$25 worth of jacks, I am sure. If young men only knew it, sometimes a girl, if she has any sense at all and any proper appreciation of how money is earned in this world, is really more distressed than gratified when he thinks he is making her happiest. Wouldn't she be a selfish girl if she could be perfectly happy or even coolly complacent over a gift that will

will cost the poor fellow who sent it half his week's salary to pay for."

last her a few hours, but that she knows

A Sample of London Usury. A case of money lending at 720 per cent. came out in the Lord Mayor's Court in London a short time since. The defendant in the case, named Bryant, said he was a cashier at a salary of £2 per week. He had been a clerk in the London and Westminster Bank, but in consequence of difficulties with money-lenders he had been discharged. His fellow-clerks then sub-scribed and put his wife and two daugh ters into business. On this particular debt he borrowed £12 and gave a bill for £15. He had paid interest at the rate of 120 per cent. for six years, or 720 per cent. on the original loan, and was now summoned for the amount of the loan. The judge made an order for 8 shillings

per month. Imitating the Teacher. When a certain resident of the West Side went home to dinner one day last week, says the Buffalo Courier, he found hig youngest daughter, a little tot not yet four years old, parading up and down before a row of other little girls, Under one arm was a ruler and in one hand she carried an open book, while her jaws were moving up and down with the regularity of a steam hammer.

"And what have you in your mouth? "Gum." "Where did you get it?" "Took it from my scholars the same as the teacher does."

What are you doing?" asked her father.

"Playing school."

He Sat on the Fire. A householder discovered that a spark from a neighboring conflagration had fallen upon his own slightly slanting roof and had set fire to the shingles. All the buckets and tubs had gone to the big fire and there was no one to send after them, even had there been time for such a measure; but the man was equal to the emergency. He rushed to a pond near by and deliberately sat

down in the water. To run upstairs and

out upon the roof was the work of a moment, and then he "sat on" the fire in more senses than one and saved the Few people, perhaps, are aware that William Penn is buried in England, writes Eugene Field in the Chicago News. His last resting-place is at a small village, Jordan's, within a few miles of London. Several years ago a

wealthy American expended £300 in securing and setting up guide-posts pointing the way to the spot where the grand old Quaker sleeps his last sleep. I have tried to learn the name of that American, but so far I have failed. I suspect that Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadel-

phia, was the man. -The variations of the British noble man are limitless. One has just taken t a license as a bar-keeper, and anoth-